

APPENDIX AD OPUSCULA.

O D E.

D E

CHOREIS, ET FESTIVITATE.

A D

NOBILISSIMUM DUCEM L—DENSEM,
DIEM WALLIAE PRINCIPIS NATALEM,
ACIDVLIS TVNBRIGIENSIBVS,
CELEBRANTEM
SCRIPTA.

A THEOLOGO FESTIVO, D. GEORGIO LEWIS,
ADIECTA VERSIONE ANGLICA.
AB AMICO, D. GVLIELMO BROWNE.

Festo quid potius die

L—denfis faciam?—

Vates choreis aptior et jocis

Ludoque dictus.—

Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero

Pulsanda tellus.— Hor.

What can I better, than—display,

The joys of L—ds's Festal Day?—

What better can a *Muse* advance,

Fit only for Play, Jest, and Dance?—

Now, joyful share *His Grace's Treat*:

Now, beat the Ground with Freest Feet.

L O N D I N I,

MDCCLXX.

III.

O D E.

CVR Puellarum cupis interesse
Me Choris, heu ! Me male claudicantem ?
At sequar Fontis Duce Te Puellas
Stans Pede in Vno.

Interim Nymphas, Iuvenesque Hu—tus
Fac tuus, Gestu Gravis, ad Choreas
Convocet : Quis non Grege tam Nitenti
Pastor *Ovaret* ?

Adfit

O D E.

*W*H^Y does YOUR GRACE my presence clame,
In the Nymphs Dances, who am lame?
But YOUR GRACE leads, and I'll advance,
And hop with One Foot, tho' not dance.

*Mean time make HEW—T, with Grave Face,
Proclame to Nymphs, and Swains the place :
What Shepherd wou'd not take the Care,
With Rapture, of a Flock so Fair ?*

Be



Adsit, heu! Sponso viduata SW—TON,
Ore puro, *Munditiisque Simplex* :
Ne nimis raptos sibi *Turturella*
Fleret Amores.

Adsit Incessu TOMACINA Divae,
Induat Rifus : Oculis refulgens
Dissipet Famae nebulas malignae
Conscia Virtus.

Tuque —— montana Nive Cui Papillae
Purius turgent ; cute molliori
Aemulans *Talpas*, ideoque TALPAE
Nomine digna.

Si

*Be charming Widow SW—TON there,
With purest Look, and Artless Air :
Left Turturella, left alone,
Her lost Mate shou'd too much bemoan.*

*Let T—KINS, with her Goddefs-Pace,
And pleasing Smiles, adorn the Place :
While Conscious Virtue, in her Eyes,
Malice outshines, and Fame defies.*

*Thou too —— whose swelling Breasts outdo
The Whiteness of the mountain Snow ;
Whose Skin can greater Softness clame,
Than that of MOLES, which gave Thy Name.*

Con'd

Si mihi centum tribuantur Ora,
 Si pares Linguae, recitare nostra
 Singulas Dotes nequeat Venuſtae
 Muſa Coronae.

Tu potens Pleſtri, Salis, et Leporum
 FVSCÉ mî, quem *non minuit Senectus*,
 Huc ades, Feſtum jubet, et ſalutat
 Nobilis OSBORNE !

Quiſque Te laetus, Bone DVX, ſequetur
 Quo vocas, Nymphae, Iuvenes, Senesque :
 Et lubens Summos *Nihil Arroganti*
 Solvet Honores.

F I N I S.

*Cou'd I a hundred Mouths obtain,
 A hundred Tongues wou'd try in vain,
 The ſeveral Beauties to explaine
 Of this moſt amiable Train.*

O. BROWNE, *my Friend*, who art poſſeſs'd
 Of Verſe, of Wit, of pleaſing Feſt,
 Whom Old-age hurts not, Let us join,
 'Tis Noble OSBORNE clames the Nine.

Moſt Gracious DUKE, glad at Your Call,
 Wait Nymphs, and Swains, Young, Old, and All :
 And Greateſt Honors ſhall be ſhewn,
 Becauſe YOUR GRACE lays Clame to None.

E N D.

ERRATUM. In Ode, AD LODOICVM.
 Pag. 3. lin. 1. PRO SHANDAEE, Lege SHANDEIE,